

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."

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POETRY.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Leave, leave untouched that brimming bowl,
There's Death within its beauty;
Cast off, my love, the fiend's control,
That wins thee from thy duty;
Thy brow is not so fair as when
Young Love thou breath'st in sadness;
'Twas beauteous in its manhood then,
But now it droops in sadness.

And why? I'm sure this willing breast,
Thy care's dread weight will pillow—
Will still, in deep and lasting rest,
Thy woes' heart-rending pillow,
Thine eye, too, fades and loses light,
'Neath dark distress and sorrow;
But sure, love, sure, it must grow bright
Again in Fortune's morrow.

Oh! I remember well the hour,
When Joy had scattered roses
Along our path, and Envy's power
Slept safe where wrong reposes—
When thou didst swear, 'mid every change,
No ties of love to sever—
That come, what wouldst thou from me strange
Affection's bliss—Oh, never!

Why, look on me!—I'd smile if wealth
Had all our pulses forsaken;
Did I but know, Contentment's health
Could not be marred nor shaken.
For see, but now, I kiss thy brow,
While Fortune's favors vanish!
As fond as when her gaudy bow
Hung out thy Care to banish.

See! there lies one whose angel rest
Is guileless and unbroken;
Smile we, who have his Youth career,
Give him, in Age, a token
That he may know his father sunk
Before Misfortune's power!
That he may know, a draught he drunk,
Corroding Life's brief hour!

Oh, no—we'll strive to sweeten here
Our cup of worldly Pleasure;
And when we seek a home more dear,
We'll find a heavenly treasure.
The wings of Peace shall spread a calm
O'er life's tempestuous ocean—
Where all may use its healing balm,
And live in sweet devotion.

THE REPERTORY.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Man has rights by nature.—The disposition of some to deride abstract rights, as if all rights were uncertain, mutable and conceded by society, shows a lamentable ignorance of human nature. Whoever understands this must see in it an immovable foundation of rights. There are gifts of the Creator, bound up indissolubly with our moral constitution. In the order of things, they precede society, lie at its foundation, constitute man's capacity for it, and are the great object of social institution. The consciousness of rights is not a creation of human art, a conventional sentiment, but essential to and inseparable from the human soul.

Man's rights belong to him as a moral being, as capable of perceiving moral distinctions, as a subject of moral obligation. As soon as he becomes conscious of duty, a kindred consciousness springs up that he has a right to do what the sense of duty enjoins, and that no foreign will or power can obstruct his moral action without crime. He feels that the sense of duty was given to him as a law, that it makes him responsible for himself, that to exercise, unfold, and obey it is the end of his being, and that he has a right to exercise and obey it without hindrance or opposition.—A consciousness of dignity, however obscure, belongs also to this divine principle; and though he may want words to do justice to his thoughts, he feels that he has that within him which makes him essentially equal to all around him.

The sense of duty is the fountain of human rights. In other words, the same inward principle, which teaches the former, bears witness to the latter. Duties and rights must stand or fall together. It has been too common to oppose them to one another; but they were indissolubly joined together. That same inward principle, which teaches a man what he is bound to do to others, teaches equally, and at the same instant, what others are bound to do to him. That same voice which forbids him to injure a single fellow creature, forbids every fellow creature to do him harm. His conscience in revealing the moral law, does not reveal a law for himself, only, but speaks as a universal legislator. He has an intuitive conviction, that the obligations of this divine code press on others as

truly as on himself. That principle, which teaches him that he sustains the relation of brotherhood to all human beings, teaches him that his relation is reciprocal, that it gives indestructible claims, as well as imposes solemn duties, and that what he owes to the members of this vast family, they owe to him in return.

Love of Liberty in England.—The American people have been flattered with a notion that we are the only free people on earth—the only men who love free principles and the rights of man. President Humphrey, of Amherst College, a true American, and a competent witness, gives his testimony as follows:—

"In all that constitutes the bone and sinews of national greatness—in physical and mental energy—in persevering and productive industry—in wealth and science, and the useful arts—in all these Great-Britain stands, if not without a rival, at least without a superior, in the wide world. Beyond all question, we Americans, like most other young people, expect one day to carry off the palm from our sires. Should that day ever come, and it may possibly arrive sooner than our trans-Atlantic Germans dream of, it will become us to wear our honors meekly; and, in the meanwhile, one would suppose, that family pride, as well as higher considerations, should prompt us to do full justice to the English character.

"That the English have their full share of natural courage, and of corporeal stamina, to sustain and make it effective, any other nation may learn if it chooses, by meeting them hand to hand, either with the bayonet, or the grappling irons. As their quarrels with us were family matters, I shall say nothing about them; but passing over those, who, with an equal force, ever vanquished them, either on the land or on the sea? Who else but the British, after being mown and cloven down, all day, by the French artillery and cuirassiers, would have been in a condition, when the Prussians came up, to gain the battle of Waterloo? What they are in brigades and battalions, and on the gun-deck; they are also in the ring, and wherever you meet them—a quarrelsome people, but always ready to fight when their rights are invaded, or their courage is called in question. What deteriorating changes may betide them we know not.

Luxury may enervate them, as it did the descendants of the Gracchi and Scipios, and then they may tamely bow their necks to any yoke. And it might be too much to say that, while they retain their present national and individual courage, it would be absolutely impossible to subdue them; but it would cost infinitely more than the conquest would be worth; and, after all, their spirits would not be crushed, however furiously the conqueror might drive his triumphal car over their prostrate bodies. They would contrive, in one way or another, to hough his horses in the very moment of being trodden down; and I have no doubt would sustain themselves under this greatest of all calamities, with a fortitude which has never been surpassed. Such is their national character. Their enemies might call it sulkiness, or mere brute obstinacy, as Napoleon is reported to have said, at Waterloo: "These English don't know when they are beat;" but these are elements, with which it is dangerous for tyrants to meddle.

"This leads me to remark, what indeed is included in the sketch just given, that the love of liberty is as strong and unconquerable in England as it is in the United States. The history of that country for ages past, no less than its present condition, indubitably proves that the people are prepared to defend their liberties at all hazards. Any encroachment on the part of the crown would be met with a resolution which would shake the towers and battlement of Windsor Castle to their deep foundation. We are apt to suppose that because our government is a democracy, and that of Great-Britain is an hereditary monarchy, the spirit of freedom cannot be so unfettered and indomitable

there as here. It would cost as much to drive out the British House of commons, and establish an arbitrary government over that country, as it would to shut up both Houses of the American Congress, and bring the people of this country to the feet of a despot. The English nation would fight as long and as manfully in defence of liberty as we should. It would require more than the twenty-seven thousand cannon in Woolwich Arsenal to batter down the munitions of *Magna Charta*. A bold usurper must be, who, in either country, should attempt to enslave the people, and sadly must they degenerate from the sturdy independence of their fathers before it would be possible for him to succeed."

BOYHOOD.

Those days of boyhood's sportive glee,—
Ah! whither have they sped!
When, as the warbling wood bird free
We drank of joys now fled,
And floated with the floating hours,
Along Time's rippling tide,
And sported with the fragrant flowers
That grew on every side.

Ah! where are now those bright young dreams,
Which then illumed our way!
Where now does Hope pour forth her beams,
With calm enlivening ray?
Which then diffused its grateful light,
Seen in the distance far,
As oft at evening strikes the sight
Some pure and matchless star!

Ah! how the glad remembrance turns
Back on those scenes so fair;
How fancy's fire enkindling burns
And sheds its radiance there!
How bright those pictures of our bliss,
Their varied hues display;
How changed from those which darkened this,
Our lone and cheerless day!

O that we might, as then, now glide
Life's gentle stream along,
As then, might o'er its bosom ride
Mid pleasure's playful throng;
Nor ever reach those stormy seas
Of darkest depths profound.
When wild winds chafe the gentle breeze,
And tempests blacken round.

In the February number of the Southern Literary Messenger, among other excellent articles, is a most sensible and just review of Professor Dew's late Inaugural Address, as President of William and Mary College. Nothing can be more true than the following remarks upon the misdirected talents of Virginia young men:

"Among the greatest evils that has ever afflicted this commonwealth, is the morbid desire of her sons for political distinction. It has been the bane of the republic; destroying every thing like useful enterprise in Virginia; and banishing from their homes thousands of our citizens to find preferment among the people of the other States or from the patronage of the Federal government. No sooner do our young men leave their seminaries of learning, than deeming themselves politicians and statesmen ready made, according to the philosophy of the best schools, they rush with ardor into the political arena. Disappointed in their ambitious aspirations, with their tastes depraved; and having lost all capacity for useful employment, they become reckless and abandoned; or falling in with a dominant party, they sacrifice all independence of character, and stoop to the lowest acts of the demagogue, hoping to creep to that eminence to which they had vainly attempted to soar. Nor is this passion for political life confined to the educated portion of our people—Truly has President Dew said, 'our whole state is a political nursery.' It swarms with politicians of every age and hue and size. But unfortunately, for one statesman we have a hundred demagogues. Next to a standing army in the time of peace, a class of professed politicians, set apart expressly for the business of public life, is most dangerous to the liberties of a free state. Such men must necessarily be the Swiss guards of party. Considering politics as their vocation, they must needs seek for employment. If they fail to find it in the independent discharge of their duty as representatives of the people, they must seek it in mean compliances with the imperious mandates of party leaders, or in a course of degrading servility and sycophancy to the dispensers of federal patronage. Let us do nothing to increase this numerous swarm of hungry politicians. What we need in

Virginia, is a class of educated country gentlemen, well instructed, not only in moral and political philosophy, but in polite literature, that most ancient, honorable and independent of all pursuits. Such persons would be qualified at once to discharge well the duties of citizens and of statesmen; and like one of the celebrated of the ancient Romans, could step from their ploughs to one of the most important offices of the state, without elevating their own dignity, or degrading the high station to which they might be called."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

From an address by Gov. Everett, of Massachusetts, on the importance of the young men of this country cultivating their higher powers:

"Thus far, the relative position of England and the United States has been such that our proportional contribution to the common literature was naturally a small one. England by her great superiority in wealth and population, was of course the head quarters of science and learning. All this is rapidly changing. You are already touching the point when your wealth and population will equal those of England. The superior rapidity of your progress will at no distant period give you the ascendancy. It will then belong to your position, to take the lead in the arts and letters, as in policy, and to give the tone to the literature of the Language. Let it be your care and study, not to show yourself unequal to this high calling—to vindicate the honor of the new world in this generous and friendly competition with the old. You will perhaps be told that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Heed not, gentlemen, the idle assertion. Reject it as a mere imagination inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience.—Point out to those who make it, the illustrious characters who have reaped in every age the highest honors of studious and active exertion. Show them Demosthenes forging by the light of the midnight lamp, those thunderbolts of eloquence, which

Shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece—
To Macedonia and Artaxerxes' throne.

Ask then if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country, if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters. Inquire whether Caesar, or Frederick, or Buonaparte, or Wellington, or Washington, fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin, tearing at the same time the lightnings from heaven, and the sceptre from the hands of the oppressor. Do they say to you that study will lead you to scepticism?—Recall to their memory, the venerable names of Bacon, Milton, Newton, Locke. Would they persuade you that devotion to learning will withdraw your steps from the path of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from the diligent exercise of all the faculties of body and mind, and heart, in pursuit of noble ends by noble means. Repeat to them the ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules in the pride of strength and beauty, giving up his generous soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them with the illustrious Roman orator, you had rather be in the wrong, with Plato, than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would rather have seen her son brought home a corpse upon his shield than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that your mother is America, your battle the warfare of life, your shield the breastplate of Religion."

A Comparison.—'Jack,' said a gay young fellow to his companion, "what possibly can induce those two old snuff taking dowagers to be here to night at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene."

"Pardon me," replied the other gravely, "for not agreeing with you, but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snuffers."

THE DISSOLUTION.

The heavens shall pass away with a great noise. Although studded with ten thousand brilliant gems, it will be rolled up like a parchment scroll; its lofty swelling arch will break down and all its light be quenched forever.

The elements shall melt with fervent heat.—The principles of fire pervade the universe, and when the Almighty gives the word, they will no longer be confined to some insulated mountain; they will meet the eyes in grandeur terrible and overwhelming from every quarter of the horizon. The drops of the morning dew will no longer fall in refreshing showers upon the earth; in their stead will descend the floods of liquid flames to nourish the fires of the last conflagration. The whole earth will form one grand scene of ruin.—The attraction of particles, the forces of repulsion and gravitation will be suddenly destroyed. The towering mountains, whose summits frosted with eternal snows and veiled with misty clouds; these landmarks of time which have breasted the storms of ages, will totter on their basis, and mingle in the general ruin.

The beauties of nature will then be blasted.—Seasons will revolve no more. The woods and groves shall no longer be vocal with the warbling of the feathered songsters. Disrobed of all its charms, this beautiful world will become the sport of raging elements, and fall in the mighty conflict.

The earth and all there in shall be burned up.—All the works of art, the utmost efforts of human industry, stupendous fortresses, lordly edifices, the proud mausoleum, triumphal arches, towering pyramids, monumental pillars, the statues of warriors and statesmen—all that is engaging to worldly minded men, shall fall from the earth.

When all these shall be dissolved, the trumpet of the Gospel will no more be heard in Zion, her earthly mountain will be forsaken, her altars thrown down, her temples destroyed. Judah's fountain will be sealed up, and the river of life cease to flow for the healing of the nations.

John Wesley having to travel some distance in a stage coach, fell in with a pleasant tempered, cheerful, well informed officer. His conversation was sprightly and entertaining, but frequently mingled with oaths. When they were about to take the next stage, Mr. Wesley took the officer apart, and after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, told him he was thereby encouraged to ask of him a very great favor. I would take a pleasure in obliging you, said the officer, and I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request. Then says Mr. Wesley, as we have to travel together for some time, I beg that if I should so far forget myself as to swear in your company, you will kindly reprove me.

The officer immediately saw the motive, and felt the force of the request, and smiling, said none but Mr. Wesley could have conveyed a reproof in such a manner.

Lorenzo Dow.—This man was an oddity of the oddest kind. The best anecdote of him is, that being at a hotel in Delhi, New-York, one evening, which was kept by one Bush, and the place being the residence of the celebrated General Root, he was importuned by the General, in the presence of the landlord, to describe Heaven. "You say a great deal about that place," said the General, "tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face, and flowing beard, towards Messrs. Root and Bush, and replied with imperturbable gravity, "Heaven, friends, is a vast extent of smooth territory; there is not a Root nor Bush in it, and there never will be."

The Hair.—A modern writer has discovered that the human hair is a vegetable. He does not say how it should be cooked.

"If that be the law," said Lord Clare to Curran, "I may burn my books." "Better read them, my Lord," replied Curran.